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LOSS AND GAIN.

Do not count, when day is o'er,
Daily loss from life's rich store;
But the gains, however small,
Count them duly, one and all.
Every sweet and gracious word,
Every pleasant truth you've heard;
Every tender glance and tone,
Every kindly deed you've known;
Every duty nobly done,
Every rightful victory won—
Treasure all, and count them o'er
As a miser counts his store.

But if bitter word or thought
Have a bitter harvest brought;
If some foeman hath assailed you,
Or the friend most trusted failed you;
If unkindness and untruth
Have to you brought saddest ruth,
Blot the score without delay—
Keep no record of the day.

Keep no record of the care,
Loss and cross we all must bear;
On the page of memory write
Only what is fair and bright.
Let all evil things go by.
Still, with brave endeavor, try
Simple joys to multiply.

Thus you'll learn how large a sum
Will with faithful reckoning come,
Long as after cloud and rain
Blessed sunshine smiles again,
Long as after winter's gloom
Summer roses bud and bloom,
Long as we have with us here
One sad heart that we may cheer,
Long as love gilds sorrow's cross,
Life's rich gain o'erpays the loss.

—*Emeline Sherman Smith, in the Home Journal.*

A WOMAN'S INSTINCT.

Pretty Mrs. Valery was a merry, light hearted little creature and very charming. This was nearly enough to make her detested of her sex; but add to this that her husband was devoted to her, and that all the men of her acquaintance admired her, and there is quite sufficient reason for the enmity felt toward her by all women less facinating—or, as they would have said, less clever.

In truth Mrs. Valery was the most innocent little woman in the world, and it was very easy for her to walk in the path of virtue, as she had the exceptionable advantage of being in love with her husband. But, of course, her female friends could not be expected to believe that, though the men had all found it out long ago, and admired her all the more for it. She accepted their admiration with an ease and grace all her own; she had been a great deal abroad, and possibly this gave her manners brilliancy and gaiety. Half her girlhood had been spent with relations in St. Petersburg, and she spoke Russian as if she were herself a Slav. From that gay city perhaps she had brought her love of social life, and the vivacity which delighted her male friends. All these things were enough to make the ladies of her acquaintance quite convinced that she was "improper," and only needed to be found out.

Lady Lynx lived just opposite Mrs. Valery in Winton Place. This was one reason why she was tacitly elected as detective-in-chief to spy upon Mrs. Valery. But there was a much stronger reason for the lady's willingness to fill that post. Her husband, Sir George Lynx, was a confirmed globe trotter, a lover of almost any land but England, and he seldom returned to the wife of his bosom. In his absence men treated her with but chilly politeness, though she painted and powdered, and dressed to perfection. Yet Mrs. Valery, though her husband was a stay-at-home, had a constant train of admirers. Lady Lynx was convinced that there was more in this than met the eye; she devoted herself to Mrs. Valery, became her most intimate friend, and resolved that some day she would outwit and expose her.

On a certain afternoon, when the season was at its height, Lady Lynx came into Mrs. Valery's drawing-room.

"Sir George is coming home to-day," she said.

Mrs. Valery looked up with an air of interest.

"Indeed!" she said; "I shall be glad to make his acquaintance."

"I don't know at what time," said Lady Lynx, "or I would go and meet him. But I must sit at home and watch from my window for the wandering knight's return."

"Will he come to Charing Cross?" asked Mrs. Valery.

"Yes," said Lady Lynx. "Why?"

"Oh, nothing," said Mrs. Valery, carelessly, "only that I have to go and meet a friend there this afternoon. I must start soon," she added, looking at her watch.

"You have to meet a friend there?" said Lady Lynx.

"Yes," said Mrs. Valery; then with a laugh, "or rather, I should say, a stranger. It seems absurd, but I have to meet a gentleman whom I have never seen."

"It does seem absurd, indeed," said Lady Lynx, echoing the laugh mechanically. Her thoughts went ranging back over Sir George's frequent absences; had Mrs. Valery been abroad when he was away? Yes, a hundred times. Doubtless they had met in many a Continental resort, and were old acquaintances.

"It is absurd, yet true," said Mrs. Valery, indifferently. "You know I have a great many old friends in St. Petersburg. Well, one of these writes me that a certain Russian gentleman will arrive in London this afternoon, and will be utterly lost unless I take pity on him and go to meet him. He believes no one in England speaks anything but English. To a certain extent he is right; but will find it difficult to get on with the cabmen and porters at Charing Cross; they don't generally speak French. So I must go, and at least send him to an hotel where he will be understood."

"What a queer thing to ask you to do!" said Lady Lynx looking at Mrs. Valery with an expression which said as plainly as possible, "Do you think I'm an absolute fool? And are you really going to meet him in the station and shake hands with all the men in the train on chance?" she asked.

"No, not quite that," said Mrs. Valery with another laugh. "He will go to the Charing Cross Hotel for to-night I will ask for him there, bring him home to dinner if he looks nice; in any case give him some little information about this wilderness of a London. Mr. Valery has found me some addresses for him; one or two hotels where the people are French. It's a pity Frank can't gowith me."

"It is, indeed!" said Lady Lynx, dryly.

"I really must run away!" said Mrs. Valery, again consulting her watch; "I'm very sorry to seem rude."

"Oh! not at all," said Lady Lynx, rising to go. Her mind was working busily. Why had Sir George said that he should be home some time in the evening, probably to dinner? He had mentioned Charing Cross. It is absurd to suppose that he did not know what train he should come by. The thing seemed more ridiculous the more she thought of it. Of course he knew when he would arrive—but he did not want her to. That seemed clear.

She walked up to the top of Wilton Place, took a hansom, and told the man to drive to the Charing Cross Hotel. Arrived there, she entered and said she expected a gentleman to meet her in a few moments, adding that she would like to wait in the coffee-room. Her heart beat high with excitement as she went in. Was she about to discover something? Was the amateur detective about to be rewarded by a great success? She gloried in the thought of how instantly she had seen through Mrs. Valery's absurd story, which she concluded had been told her in case by any mischance she should come to meet her own husband.

No one was in the coffee-room. It was an hour at which meals were not wanted. So much the better, thought Lady Lynx. She went to an arm-chair in an obscure corner of the room, and established herself there, provided herself with a newspaper with which to screen her face. She was now prepared to wait for what time might bring forth.

Meantime Mrs. Valery had put on her bonnet and driven down to the same place in her little brougham. A very short time after Lady Lynx had settled herself in the coffee-room, Mrs. Valery walked into the hotel and inquired whether a Count of an unpronounceable name had arrived. After considerable consultation and much mental effort the waiter informed her that a foreign gentleman whose name was like a sneeze certainly had come to the hotel, taken a room, and gone to it. But he had not said that he expected a lady to see him, for the very good reason that he could speak no language but his own, which no one in the hotel understood.

"O, nonsense! he speaks French," said Mrs. Valery, with a laugh. "However, he expects me to interpret for him. I will write him a line on this card, if you will take it up to him. I will wait in the coffee-room, and when he comes down show him in there."

Mrs. Valery wrote a Russian line in beneath her name, and then gave the card to the waiter. It was sent up stairs, and she was shown into the coffee room. She went in and stood still a few moments; then began to walk to and fro rather restlessly, her eyes on the ground. She was a little nervous about this meeting with a man she had never seen. It would be quite easy if he were nice; if he were not, it would be horrid. She thought to herself, as she waited, that if one of her dearest friends had not asked her to do this, she would have refused.

Probably her sudden dislike of her task merely arose from the depressing effect of being stranded alone in the midst of a great hotel coffee room, and having to remain there. At all events, she resolved that she would be cordial, if the man looked at all nice; she would not let him be chilled as most foreigners are, in the first hour he spent in England. And then she began to think how kind his friends had been to her when she was in Russia. That gave her new courage; but O, how long he kept her waiting! She glanced around the room. She could just see the top of a black bonnet over a distant arm chair; a lady was there reading a paper. She felt glad there was no one to observe a pretty woman waiting in a public coffee room for some one who did not come.

At last the door opened, and a gentlemen entered quickly. Mrs. Valery saw in a single swift glance that he was extremely handsome, tall and distinguished-looking, and that he had that air which one is compelled to describe as "foreign," for want of a better word. That is to say, though he was not very Russian in appearance, yet he did not look like an Englishman. Mrs. Valery called up all her courage and her pretty manners, and, with an extreme nervousness which no one but herself could perceive, advanced eagerly to meet him. She held out her hand and began to talk rapidly in Russian. He did not answer her; but then she gave him no time to, for her nervousness made her talk rather more than she intended. He held her hand in his and gazed admiringly into her face, which, with its slight flush of embarrassment, was even lovelier than usual. This went on for two or three minutes; then Mrs. Valery tried to draw her hand away, and looked about her for a chair. But her new friend held her hand fast, which discomposed her a good deal, yet did not startle her so much as the sight which greeted her eyes as she looked around. Lady Lynx had advanced stealthily, and stood close beside them. Her face was awful. Mrs. Valery uttered an inarticulate cry of astonishment. This made the gentleman look around also. He immediately dropped Mrs. Valery's hand.

"Now," said Lady Lynx, before any one else had time to speak—"now, Mrs. Valery, I know you for what you are!"

This speech produced a different effect from what she intended. Certainly, it startled Mrs. Valery as much as she hoped it would; but, before that lady had time to speak, the handsome gentleman said, in an easy manner, and with a knowing twinkle in his eye:

"Then, my dear Kate, I wish you'd tell me. I took her for an amiable and very pretty lunatic. Was I right? Perhaps you can tell me also if she speaks any language but Hindostance, or whatever the unknown tongue is that's she's been talking."

"That frivolous tone is useless now, Sir George," said Lady Lynx, with iron dignity: "it has been tried too often. Perhaps you will kindly tell the waiter to call me a cab."

"Certainly, my dear," said Sir George, with an exaggerated good humor. At that moment a waiter came in, carrying a salver on which was a goblet of brandy and soda.

"That's right," said Sir George, "perhaps this will clear my brain, for I'm beginning to believe I'm dreaming. Waiter, call a cab for this lady."

"Waiter," cried Mrs. Valery, "where is the Russian gentleman you took my card to?"

"He is here, madam," said the waiter, as almost at that moment the door opened, and a swarthy, yellow-skinned man entered the room. He looked inquiringly at the two ladies. Mrs. Valery roused herself; she advanced toward him, and without holding out her hand, asked him in Russian if he was Count So-and-So. He said "Yes," and Mrs. Valery moved away a few paces to speak to him more at her ease. But she found it difficult to re-enact the warm welcome which had been wrongly given. She was shaken and unnerved, too, by Lady Lynx's face and words.

"What does all this mean?" asked Sir George, in a low voice, of his wife.

"How can I tell?" she asked; "you know better than I do. This is some further development of the farce, I suppose. I am going home; you need not trouble yourself to accompany me."

And she turned away, but he caught her arm.

"Look here, Kate," he said, "this must be explained. What are you talking about? You seem to know that lady, but I don't."

"Nonsense!" cried Lady Lynx.

"I never set eyes on her before. You don't mean to say you imagine we met here on purpose!"

"What else can I imagine?"

"What grounds have you for imagining it?"

"That I saw your affectionate meeting."

Sir George laughed. "Deuced affectionate! Why, I thought she was mad! Don't be absurd. What else?"

"Why didn't you say what time you were arriving? What did you mean to do before you came home?"

"Not meet HER, I assure you. Who is she?"

"Frank Valery's wife."

"Then take me over and introduce me to her and apologize. And another time don't choose a lady to insult when you are jealous."

Lady Lynx stood irresolute. She knew Sir George was in the right, and felt he was speaking the truth. And as she looked at Mrs. Valery and the Russian as they stood talking together, she saw that she had made a mistake amateur detectives are apt to fall into. She had too readily concluded that Mrs. Valery was telling her a made up story. She saw that there was nothing to be done but apologise. But she could not bring herself to do it.

At that moment Mrs. Valery turned round, and meeting Lady Lynx's look of mingled emotions, she smiled. Her sense of humor had come uppermost. After all, she could afford to forgive Lady Lynx; her enemy was so very plain.

Lady Lynx summoned all her knowledge of the world to support her, went to Mrs. Valery and made a humble and hearty apology. Mrs. Valery's eyes sparkled with demure amusement.

"You must both come and dine with us," she said by way of answer. "Frank will be delighted to see Sir George; I know they are old friends. You must—the Count is coming."

Sir George made haste to accept this invitation. After dinner Mrs. Valery told the story of the scene in the coffee room, making but one change in it—she left out Lady Lynx's unfortunate speech. Everybody laughed, even Lady Lynx herself. And so Mrs. Valery disarmed a bitter enemy, and made a new ally. For Sir George became one of her faithful admirers, and Lady Lynx had to put up with it whether she liked it or not.—*London World.*

The Lessons of Sorrow.

No words can express how much the world owes to sorrow. Most of the Psalms were born in a wilderness. Most of the Epistles were written in a prison. The greatest thoughts of the greatest thinkers have all passed through fire. The greatest poets have "learned in suffering what they taught in song." In bonds Bunyan lived the allegory that he afterward indited, and we may thank Bedford Jail for the "Pilgrim's Progress." Take comfort, afflicted Christian! When God is about to make pre-eminent use of a man, he puts him in the fire.